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THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1891.

THE THREE WISHES.

Three girls sat idly on the beach—
One like a lily, tall and fair;
One brilliant with her raven hair;
One sweet and shy of speech.

"I wish for fame," the lily said.
"And I for wealth and courtly life."
Then gently spoke the third, "As wife
I ask for love instead."

Years passed. Again beside the sea
Three women sat with whitening hair,
Still graceful, lovable and fair,
And told their destiny.

"Fame is not all," the lily sighed.
"Wealth futile if the heart be dead."
"I have been loved," one sweetly said,
"And I am satisfied."

—*Judge.*

PRISCILLA.

With dog and gun Priscilla goes—
A Circe of the cover—
The swift-winged grouse no mercy knows,
She bags the tilting plover.

Such subtle art the huntress owns,
Her dire intent for hiding;
No bird suspects till death atones
For folly too confiding.

But where is all Priscilla's skill
When bigger game she's after?
Her eyes are bright and ought to kill;
Seductive is her laughter.

Alas! her eyes flash too much flame,
Her smiles are all to candid;
Her chosen victims see her aim,
And she's left empty-handed.

—*Outing.*

Stories of Life.

FRESH YARNS, SOME TRUE, SOME FANCIFUL, BY THE CLEVEREST WRITERS.

IT was a strange story the old man told, and the strangest part of it was that it was every word true. It was the story of a young man foredoomed to an early death from hereditary consumption, the inevitable end being hastened by the cruelty of one who should have been kind—the boy's own father. It was a dramatic tale, with sidelights of compassion and kindness thrown upon what was otherwise a gloomy and forbidding picture.

"Some years ago," said the old man, "my wife and I were boarding in the house of a friend whose table also accommodated some half dozen other boarders. Among them was a young man of strange, retiring disposition, reserved and distant in his manners, and apparently somewhat cynical in his views of life. He was quiet and gentlemanly, taking little part in the dinner table conversations and the after dinner games and recreations. His dress was of the shabby-genteel order, and it was generally agreed that he belonged to the 'poor, but proud' class. Evidently he had a history, but what it was no one could divine. He made no confidants, and kept his own secrets.

"My wife—sympathetic soul—was first to break down the barries which he had erected and persistently maintained. She was able on two or three occasions to do some little acts of motherly kindness for him and gradually he thawed out toward her. Let us call him George Montgomery, just for a name. It was winter and George had a room in the attic where it was impossible to have a fire. Often in the dead of night our slumbers were disturbed by the hollow cough which told too surely the approach of the grim monster, had not the hectic flush upon his cheek already betrayed it. Observing these things, we used to invite him to spend the evenings in our warm and cheerful rooms. Under these circumstances he melted, and little by little his story came out.

"He had been educated for one of the professions, but his health had given way and he had been obliged to abandon it. He was now working as a solicitor for an insurance company, of which his father was a high officer. His salary was niggardly—so mean that it afforded him almost none of the comforts, scarcely the actual necessities, which one in his situation required. His mother had been dead several years and there had been trouble at home both before and after her death. His father was a victim of both the whiskey and the opium habits, and when these demons had possession of him he became a fiend. While the mother was slowly dying the inhuman father, despite all her prayers, and tears, and protestations had taken a young woman into the family and was courting her before the dying eyes of his wife. Within a very few weeks after the wife was put under the sod the father married the woman who had made her last days a hell on earth. The shame, and indignity, and cruelty put upon his dying mother so infuriated the high spirited boy that he said and did things which brought down upon his unhappy head the undying hatred of his most unnatural father.

"'And now,' said George one night in an unusual burst of indignation, 'taking advantage of his position in the company he has compelled the doctor to certify that I am a good risk, has insured my life for the benefit of his wife, and is trying to kill me so that she, the wretched woman who tortured my mother to death, may fatten by picking my miserable bones! O, if I can only live till that policy expires I shall die happy.'

"The winter dragged on, as winters will, and George's hollow cough became more and more tomblike. Spring came, and the hectic flush in his cheeks became more and more pronounced. When summer came and we went for a few weeks to our place in the country we took George with us. By this time he was able to do so little work that his father had removed his name from the payroll and given him notice that henceforth he must provide for himself. We had a faint hope that freedom from care, with the pure air of the country, might at least enable him to accomplish the one object now nearest his heart—to 'beat that insurance policy.'

"Our vacation was devoted almost entirely to George. We rode, we drove, we fished, we hunted for his amusement. The long, hot summer afternoons we spent idle in the hammocks in the grove around our house. We hunted mullein, the country housewife's remedy, and made mullein tea for his horrible cough. And when we went to town and found that he had actually gained 'almost a pound' in weight the entire family united in a hallelujah chorus.

"At the end of the vacation George went to another city, where he had the promise of employment at a rate of remuneration sufficient at least to keep body and soul together 'till something better shoud turn up.' I knew he was almost penniless, and so I pressed a sum of money upon him—'just as a loan, you know; pay it back when you have it to spare.' The brave fellow would accept it in no other way. He left with us his only picture of his mother, saying he wanted it where kindly eyes would now and then rest upon it.

"'George Montgomery had a hemorrhage and fell on the street to-day. Very ill. What shall I do?'

"Such was the message which reached me at midnight. The wires quickly bore back the answering message:

"'If he is able to travel send him to me.'

"The second morning George—what was left of him—came. I met him at the depot. We had to carry him to the carriage. George was but the shadow of his former self. Tenderly we lifted him into the carriage, and drove slowly to the hospital presided over by the good Sister Antonette of the Sisters of Charity—say rather Angel of Mercy if there ever was an angel on this earth. She met us at the door and led the way to the best private room in the hospital. A few days later Sister Antionette called me into her little parlor and said to me: 'Our terms for that room are $16 per week. That poor young man has told me his sad story, told me of the kindness of yourself and wife to a homeless and hopeless stranger, and I want to say to you that if you have the bill to pay there will be no bill. If we can compel his wicked old father to pay it there will be a bill, but you have done your share.'

"I thanked her, and a new light began to dawn upon me. The boy's own mother, had she been alive, could not have been kinder than were the good Sisters. Patient, watchful, considerate, tender, always by his side, ever attentive to his slightest need or wish.

"And so, day by day, we watched him fade away. O, the inexpressible agony of this waiting—waiting only for the inevitable end—powerless to save, helpless to avert! Sometimes the feeble lamp would flare up a little more brightly, and then would come again the desperate wail:

"'O, I want to live—I must live long enough to outlast that accursed policy!'

"At intervals his mind wandered. Rousing himself one day from a perturbed slumber he said in weak and wavering tones:

"'I think—we had—better go—in. The dew appears—to be falling—out here under the trees!'

"Back again at the old farm! So little of sunshine had he known in his short life that the few weeks he had lingered with us constituted the one bright spot in his memory, to be revisited and lived over again in his feverish dreams.

"'Poor boy! The dew was falling—the dew that would never be wiped from his marble brow.'

The old man paused to wipe a suspicious moisture from his spectacles. "Somehow the mist always would gather upon them in warm weather."

"One morning as we passed through the parlor the good Sister Antoinette stopped us and said:

"'Mr. Montgomery joined the church last night.'

"We exchanged interrogative and suspicious glances, ready to misjudge and attribute unworthy motives. Of course she, taking advantage of his enfeebled condition and sense of obligation, had entrapped him into her church, and we would never forgive her—never. Later, and from other lips, we learned what really had happened.

"At midnight Sister Antoinette had gone to his bedside, and, after intimating to him as gently as possible that he had not long to live, asked him if he had ever belonged to any church. No. Of what church had his mother been a member? The Presbyterian. Wouldn't he like to see a Presbyterian minister? If it would please her, yes.

"And so, at dead of night she ordered out a carriage, sent it into the city, and brought to the hospital the leading Presbyterian minister. Then he, Sister Antoinette, and another went to the dying man's room in this Catholic hospital, talked with him, knelt by his bedside, prayed with him, and—took him into the Presbyterian church!

"The great minister took his leave, promising to come again the next day, and never came!

"At last the end came. 'I am going—on a—long journey,' said he, and his white soul took its flight, sailed out upon the soundless sea, whose silent shores send back no answering response to the sobs of the sorrowing.

"The hated insurance policy had won the race by four weeks!

* * *

"During all his illness, by George's particular desire, his father had not been advised of his condition. Now it was deemed best to inform him that his game had been successfully played. By this time he had removed to another city and a telegram was sent to him. He could not be found. We afterward learned that he was at the time on a protracted debauch.

"The good Sister Superior was as kind and considerate after George's death as she had been in his illness. She freely tendered the use of her parlors for the last ceremonies in accordance with the rites of the Presbyterian church.

"It was George's dying wish to be laid beside his mother, who slept in a distant city. It was so arranged, a mutual friend attending faithfully to the last ceremonies. When all was over the kind father put in an appearance. 'It may gratify you to know,' he wrote, 'that George had a fine funeral. We buried him like a prince!'

"Lived like a pauper, died among strangers, but was 'buried like a pringe' from the money realized on his death!

* * *

"There is little more to tell. What I wish particularly to emphasize in this strange case is the fact that, from beginning to end, from every one with whom we came in contact we received nothing but the kindest treatment. Every heart was touched and every purse was opened to brighten the poor boy's sad last days. The solitary exception was the father! From him we steadily encountered opposition, detraction, contumely, even violent personal abuse. As much as I believe I am sitting in this chair, I believe that man insured his son's life and then deliberately set to work to torture him to death, in order that he might profit thereby!

"Three months ago I read in a St. Louis paper of the death in the insane ward of a hospital in that city of Charles Montgomery, a victim of delirium tremens. His last days were a horrible nightmare. Occasional flashes of sanity lightened up his sodden brain, and these from his remorse and self-accusations were more shocking to his attendants than were his wildest ravings while in the grasp of the demon of rum. Unwepted, unhonored, unknelled, he went before his Judge, and his loathsome carcass sleeps its last sleep in the potter's field.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Making Ice.

From the Philadelphia Record.

An inventor in Buffalo, N. Y., has devised a process for making ice by utilizing the intense cold created by the expansion of natural gas when liberated from the high pressure at which it issues from the wells. In the experimental plate the gas is used at its initial pressure of from 150 to 200 pounds to drive a small engine. After use in the engine the gas exhausts into a closed box, and the expansion generates sufficient cold to form slabs of ice three inches thick to the amount of three-quarters of a ton in a day. It is claimed that the principle can be applied economically on a large scale.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

The incident I relate came within my own experience.

It was in 1870. War had just been declared. McMahon had received orders to cross the frontier and, by a bold stroke, paralyze the combined action of North and South Germany. France was aflame with excitement, and especially in Paris the fever heat of anxiety had reached a high pitch. With characteristic impetuosity and sanguineness, and as if victory was already theirs, the Parisians plunged the deeper into the pleasures of the hour, and everywhere folly was given full swing. The chatter and din from the open-air restaurants rose above the music from the bands in the Champs Elysees; the lights of the Cafes Chantants shone brilliantly upon the dancers disporting themselves beneath the trees; the glint of dainty dresses was visible in the groves of the public gardens, and lines of carriages swept by, carrying other pleasure seekers to the usual resorts. The theaters were all too small for the crowds that beseiged them. Especially was this the case at one of the largest on the Boulevards, where an impatient, eager throng surged around the doors and fought for admittance to witness the first appearance of a new actress.

Mademoiselle Jeanne de Bolney was announced to make her debut that evening. For months past her friends had proclaimed that a star of the first magnitude was about to rise in the dramatic sky, and the press, voicing these opinions, had aroused popular expectation to a point not usually reached in the case of a debutante. De Bolney was credited with being marvelously endowed, strenuously devoted to her art, and gifted with a natural splendor of appearance which charmed everyone on first seeing her.

For her debut Jeanne had selected "La Dame aux Camelias," then in the zenith of its success. The author of that work had declared that the part of *Marguerite* seemed written for her and for her alone.

The result more than justified the expectations of her friends. From the moment of her first entrance her very presence had sufficed to capture the hearts of the audience. When she advanced into the full glare of the foot lights, disclosing to view an exquisiteiy formed figure: a head faultlessly turned, resting on a neck whose curve was perfect; ears delicate and rosy, which shown like a pearl shell in the flood of gold that mantled her superb bosom and beautiful face as she bowed again and again in the acknowledgement of the cordiality of her reception; eyes, blue and clear and expressive of naive astonishment at the applause which greeted her, a murmur of approbation, increasing to a proionged burst of entiusiasm, arose from the crowded house and continued for many minutes. Similar manifestations of approval were continued through the first act, and the second ended in an ovation such as few artists have received on a first appearance.

Among those most profoundly affected by her victory was Louis Belcourt, a pensionaire of the theater. It was through him that Jeanne had been enabled to make her first appearance at this house, the director being prejudiced in favor of pupils of the Conservatoire, through which Jeanne had refused to pass. Belcourt loved Jeanne from his earliest youth. His devotion to her was unbounded and the admiration of his friends. His love was unselfish, but hopeless, for Jeanne had already bestowed her affections and was loved in return.

This had happened not long previously at one of the last races at Longchamps at which Napoleon III. had been present. Jeanne had paused before the Imperial tribune to gaze at the ladies of the court. While thus occupied, she all at once became aware of a new and strange sensation in her heart as she encountered the gaze of a man whose bronzed face was visible behind one of the chairs. His eyes sought and held hers, conveying to Jeanne an emotion she strove in vain to subdue. He in turn appeared to be profoundly affected; leaving his place he made his way through the crowd as if impelled by some unknown force, and abruptly presented himself before Jeanne. Only then did he become aware of his strange conduct. With his face flushing with shame, he bowed confusedly before her, stammering forth his excuses. Confused as he, and pale, Jeanne, seized with the instinct of pity which in a woman's heart keeps pace with love, murmured:

"My name is Jeanne de Bolney. I intend to make my first appearance in a few days in 'La Dame aux Camelias.'"

"And I, madame," bowing profoundly, "am Roger de Morfeuille, captain of Spahis, and for the present officer of ordnance to the emperor."

It was a case of love at first sight, and neither strove against its imperious domination. From that day life had nothing for either apart from the other. Fate, it seemed to them, in its mysterious workings had brought them together. But war was on the horizon, and it was tacitily agreed that life for them would commence with but the cessation of hostilities. Their ways, for the present, would de different. Roger was sure to be ordered to the front; Jeanne knew she had to make her debut. Thus for a brief period they live in each other's presence. Happy in their new found love, they knew they they would be all in all to each other until the end of life's road was reached. Then at length Roger had to leave for the front, and when the final moment of separation arrived they silently bethrothed themselves by the exchange of rings.

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When the curtain had been lowered for the sixth time upon the second act of the "Dame aux Camelias," and the plaudits which greeted Jeanne, she slowly ascended to her dressing room, conscious of a feeling of melancholy which her triumph could not dispel. Her success would not be complete without congratulations from Roger. Even amid the smoke of battle, she thought, he would find opportunity to send her some token, some sign of remembrance. Anxiously she had listened to every footfall on the stair, and watched the door for the expected message from her beloved.

It was, then, with a mingled burst of joy, love and pride that on entering her room she found awaiting her a telegraphic message. Quickly closing the door so as not to be disturbed while devouring the precious words, she did not perceive that Belcourt was following her. All at once a scream, startling in its intensity, rang the building. Belcourt, rushing in, received Jeanne in his arms as she fell in a swoon. In her hand was the message. While he was still thinking what he should do in the emergency, Jeanne revived. Gathering sudden energy, she repeated, as if unconsciously, the fatal words of the dispatch:

"We have been crushed at Woerth. They are carrying me to the neighboring chateau; amputation probable. Pray for me. James will carry this dispatch to an open station. I love thee.

ROGER."

This was unintelligible to Belcourt until, seeing the message, he had taken and read it. With sudden energy Jeanne picked up a few wraps and started for the door, her magnificent costume scarcely concealed under a long brown cloak.

"What are you doing?" inquired Louis aghast.

"I am going to join Roger," came back the answer in low but firm tones.

"But, nom de ciel!" exclaimed Belcourt, "the curtain is about to rise. This is dreadful! Remain, I implore you! You will ruin yourself, your prospects, your life! Remain until to-morrow."

"Listen," said Jeanne, "it is now 9:45. There is a train from the Eastern station at 11 o'clock. If you prevent me from catching that train—you see this dagger? —I swear I will kill myself."

Louis drew back terrified at this threat, uttered with an intensity of determination which showed she was in earnest.

Jeanne passed out and in another moment had called a carriage and dissappeared in the darkness. Belcourt was constrained to see her as far as the street.

When he returned to the stage he found the greatest excitement prevailing. The caller had just told the manager that Mademoiselle de Bolney could not be found. When the director arrived a few minutes later to inquire why, it was too late, as Mademoiselle de Bolney was even then driving in a hired coach in the direction of the Boulevard de Strasbourg. What was to be done? The audience was getting clamorous, and every minute of delay only seemed to make matters worse. What should be done? Have Jeanne followed and arrested—but then how to placate the audience.

Meanwhile Louis Belcourt, inspired by a desire to save Jeanne, had hit on a plan. After a hurried conversation with a comrade, who immediately went around to the front of the house, Louis, forcing his way past the manager and director, who sought to prevent him, gave the signal for the curtain to rise and stepped on the stage. His unexpected appearance brought about silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mademoiselle de Bolney has fainted on receiving a dispatch announcing that France has suffered defeat on the frontier. As soon as she recovers we hope she will reappear before you, and we ask you to be patient." This speech was received with cold silence, but before any unfriendly demonstration could be made Belcourt's friend arose in his place and exclaimed:

"We are as good patriots as Mademoiselle de Bolney. The performance must not continue under the news of a defeat to the arms of France!"

This sentiment had the desired effect. It was greeted with innumerable braves from every part of the house, and the audience dispersed, now altogether absorbed in this unlooked for intelligence. Belcourt had saved Jeanne and the theater from a disaster.

The rumor of the defeat of Reischoffen which the government had carefully concealed, spread through Paris. Dismay took the place of the rejoicing in anticipated victories. While Belcourt was still receiving congratulations on his coup, he was arrested and lodged in the prison of Mazas on the charge of having divulged state secrets. His crime was punishable during times of war with death.

A month elapsed, during which Belcourt resisted all the efforts of his guard to obtain from him a confession of his reason for divulging the news of his defeat. He daily expected to be taken out and executed. The day at length arrived which he was told would be his last on earth. He was thinking of something like sorrow of his love without hope which had brought him to the brink of a dishonored grave when his cell door was opened.

"Mademoiselle la Comtesse de Morfeuille."

It was Jeanne, indeed, but not the idol of a short month ago. Her shapely figure was hidden beneath heavy mourning; her beautiful hair was sprinkled with silver threads; her mouth had lost its mobility and contracted rigid lines, and her face bore the reflex of lost hope and inward suffering. Her whole appearance was an embodiment of incurable grief.

Belcourt was profoundly touched by the sad picture.

"You are free, dear Louis," she said. "The empress has just obtained your pardon. I thank you from my heart for all you have done and suffered for my sake. I returned to Paris immediately after burying my husband at Morfeuille. Let us leave together."

Jeanne soon after left for the resting place of him who had given her his name on his death-bed. Belcourt had tried to prevail with her that there was another love which might in time take the place of that she had lost, but she had stopped him with a gesture:

"Do not proceed," she said mournfully. "I am henceforth but the widow of Roger de Morfeuille. Not having been able to be his, I shall never be another's."

Thus ended the sequel to that evening in the French theater, and thus was blighted on the very threshold of a great career the dramatic vocation of a great soul. The incident was lost in the thousand events that marked that period, and even those who were connected with it have probably long ceased to recall it.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

A little song for bedtime
When robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country,
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise
When the little ones get drowsy
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

And the heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown;
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore
And go sailing off to Dreamland;
And the dipping of the oar
In the sea of sleep makes music
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,
'Ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one,
And then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

—*Boston Courier.*

THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Just an even 100 men answered "Here!" as the sergeant called the roll on the morning as we awoke beside the Potomac, says M. Quad in the New York *World*. There were young men, middle-aged men, men from the town and men from the farm. Men who go to war to fight and die beside each other form strong attachments. Companies and regiments resolve themselves into communities which do not look with favor upon intruders. There was an even hundred as we marched away—as we took our first turn at picket—as we first sighted the enemy—as we went into battle for the first time. After the roar of the guns had died away and the dead had been buried only 89 men answered "Here!" to the sergeant's morning roll call. The others were covered up in the long trenches, and their loss drew the living closer together.

A few weeks went by and we stood shoulder to shoulder in battle line again. There were charge and counter-charge—men screamed out as they were wounded—men fell dead and uttered no cry. In the gloomy forest, by the light of a campfire, the sergeant called the roll, and now only 78 men answered "Here!" The red earth trenches had claimed more victims and the ties between the living were drawn still closer. When a man has braved death with you that excuses a hundred shortcomings in camp or on the march.

Then came Cold Harbor and the falling back to Malvern Hill. Cannon boomed and musketry cracked all day long and far into the night. Wounded men cursed and groaned as they limped away or fell helpless—men pitched forward with but a single cry and died with their faces hidden in the weeds and grass. After Malvern Hill the sergeant called the roll again—not the same sergeant as before, but another had taken his place—he was lying dead in the thickets at Fair Oaks—and this time only 52 men answered "Here!"

And so could you wonder that when recruits came down to us we looked upon them as intruders, even though they were good men and true and had come to help us win victories? What did they know of our dead, of our wearisome marches, of touching elbows with us as we waited for the word to charge the flaming guns? Their names were called with ours and we heard them answer "Here!" But they were only with us; they could not be of us. They had come too late.

And after South Mountain and Antietam and Second Manassas and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the Wilderness the roll was called, and our dead were covered up and other men were sent down to take their places. We shook hands with them and pretended to be comrades, but we had no ties with them. They had not learned war with us. They could not go back to the beginning—to our first dead. And at last came Appomattox and the surrender, and then peace and the return to Washington. We were almost a full company again as we turned out on the meadows of Arlington for the last roll call. Upwards of 70 living men could have answered "Here!" to their names.

"Fall in Company, G! Attention to roll call?"

It was not the sergeant who had called the roll after Fredericksburg, after Chancellorsville, after Gettsburg, after the awful grapple in the thickets and swamps of the Wilderness. It was a new man—one who had been promoted before his cheeks had scarcely been burned by the southern sun. But he had heard of the ties which bound the old veterans together—he realized what this last roll call meant to the survivors. And from the musty archives of the past he took the roll of the dead and called:

"Anson—Armstrong—Armitage—Alsdorf!"

No one replied!

"Berry—Bloomingdale—Benson—Barstow—Benham!"

No one replied!

"Cary—Carter—Carnahan—Cummings—Comstock!"

No one replied!

And so he called, and so the silence of the death roll grew deeper and deeper, until the living felt a chill creep over them.

"Young—Yoemans—Yager!"

No one replied!

"York!"

"Here!"

And so he of all was the sole survivor—the last living man of Company G—the only one who had the right to stand there in that line and answer to the last roll call. The others—ninety and nine—were criples at home or sleeping their last sleep on the hillsides, in the valleys, in the forests and the thickets of Virginia.

The line cheered him as he stood apart—the last survivor of a glorious band which had fought in a dozen battles—but he turned away his head and wept.

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore,
O, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain,
O, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft, white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will weary hours never leave the earth?
O, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night:
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

A COMANCHE STORY.

The following account of the experience of the early settlers of the Texas border was given to your reporter last year by old Tom Starr, a Cherokee, 97 years of age, who was for many years a leader of the hostile Comanches in their bloody expeditions against the whites, writes a Tahlequah correspondent of the Fort Worth *Gazette*.

The tribe of Comanche Indians were at one time the most fierce and powerful in Texas. For more than 100 years this tribe waged an unceasing war against every other people who attempted to make settlements in that country. They watched with a lynx's eye and experienced a wild thrill of pleasure at the many revolutions that occurred in the Mexican provinces. They never failed to take advantage, when they discovered both parties broken down and their ranks thinned by the ravages of civil war, to rush from their mountain fastness and hiding places and destroy all, appropriating the spoils to themselves.

A marked case of this kind occurred during the domestic disturbances under President Iturbide of the Mexican government. The theater of war was changed from the city and adjoining provinces to the broad and beautiful prairies lying on the San Antonio river. Here a native prince, with a band of Spaniards and those friendly to the cause, determined to "breathe the chainless air" and Victors exalt, or in death be laid low. With their backs to the field, their feet to the foe,

The opposing army held the mission of San Juan, three miles away, and from their greatly superior numbers the leaders were confident of victory.

The morrow was to decide a contest, whether a prince was to reign or a general govern this people. Each party, slumbering in the arms of hope, never dreamed that a large and war-like band of their deadliest enemies were hovering near watching their movements with a pent-up hate of half a century burning in their breasts and the maddened vengeance of a wronged and injured people flashing from their piercing black eyes.

As their gaze rested upon those towers of strength and religious oppression in which their eternal foes were reposing, every stone seemed to tell in lines written in blood that these huge walls were reared by the forced labor of their people; that for the propagation of a creed which they could not understand their people had been mowed down like grass and worked like beasts of burden.

Deep, settled and fixed desperation appeared in the swarthy countenance of each warrior; the very winds of heaven, as they swept over this beautiful land with a soft and refreshing mildness, whispered a tale of vengeance.

The morrow dawned and with it came the "pomp and circumstance of war." The young, the brave, the chivalry of the land, graced either army's front ranks.

On a smoothe, level prairie near San Antonio the opposing forces were marshaled in battle array, every pulse beating high for victory. The engagement was fierce, long and bloody. The evening sun was fast sinking in the west, and the soldiers of both armies were sinking from exhaustion and fatigue when a fearful sound was heard. Nearer it came, and yet more near, until an immense troop of horsemen were seen rushing up fast and fierce, with their wild and unearthly yell, to the appalled sight of the scattered, exhausted and wounded soldiers. Each army roused itself for a last and desperate struggle for life, but the exhausted troops made but a feeble resistance against the unerring shaft and deadly lance of this new and frenzied throng. That night sealed with death the high aspirations of the contending hosts. The next morning's sun found the prairie crimson with human gore and piled with slaughtered men, but the conquerers had fled.

It was with this tribe that the Texans, continually troubled and harrassed, and every week losing some of their best citizens, sought to make a treaty. To effect this very desirable object they invited 40 of the principal men of the Comanche tribe to come to San Antonio and hold a council with a set of commissioners on the part of Texas. So, after much delay on the part of the Indians and great anxiety of the Texans, for the Indians held captive some eight or 10 Americans, one morning in the fall of 1840 a long line of horsemen was seen crossing one of the swells in the prairie surrounding the town. They were coming directly toward the town, and an instant's glance told they were Comanche Indians. Their heads covered with long locks of black hair floating in the wind, their painted bodies, well trained horses and silent movements were not to be mistaken. As they rode into town in single file under the command of the tall and stately form of a war-bleached leader, with bow and arrow ready for attack or defense, the sight was interesting and imposing. The affrighted citizens, recollecting bygone days, fled to their houses and prepared their weapons for defense. There was a sensation of uneasiness felt through the little town as these stately Indian warriors, with a proud look of scorn and defiance, rode to the public square, where they were met by the commissioners on the part of Texas, and through an interpreter asked to alight and go to the court house.

One of the warriors, from some cause unknown, had brought with him his wife, an old, wrinkled creature with a dark and cunning look, eyes small, black and brilliant, and in fury resembling very much a snake. She appeared to take an active part in everything that was going on, listening attentively, then muttering something scarcely audible to those immediately around her. She was dressed very much like the men, except instead of lance and bow she wore at her girdle a long knife.

The Indians and commissioners and a number of Texans had repaired to the council house to negotiate a treaty, which they failed to do, the red men refusing to lay down their arms unless the commissioners and Texans did the same thing. The consultation continued till noon, when the commissioners, finding the Indians unwilling to give any pledges for their future good behavior, and refusing to release their prisoners without a big ransom, through the interpreter informed them that 12 of their number were to remain as prisoners until the Texans were set at liberty. The Indians, either not understanding the interpreter, or preferring to die en masse than to submit to such terms, immediately commenced an attack upon the Texans. Eleven of the whites were killed before they were properly prepared to defend themselves. The struggle was fierce, but short. The Texans got out of the room as fast as they could, and the Comanches in a body showered arrows into their midst with terrible effect. As soon as the Texans escaped from the room, the Indians made a rush for the door in a body. The citizens were soon in arms. The Indians by this time had fought their way into the public square, where, meeting with fearful odds against them, they halted, and, with a fortitude unsurpassed, they fearlessly met their fate, feeling "no dread of death if with them died their foes." The tall, manly form of their leader was seen towering in the thickest of the fight until, pierced by a dozen bullets, he dropped among the dead and dying, but, raising himself with a dying effort, he waved his hand and with his last breath cheered his braves on in the battle.

Of the forty brave Indian warriors who that morning rode into San Antonio but one escaped to tell the sad fate of his companions, and that Indian was old Tom Starr.